"THAT LITTLE DROP OF BLOOD."

"Whosoever sheddeth man's blood by man shall his blood be shed," said Elder Ross solemnly. "God has so ordained it. The avengers of blood are now upon his track."

"And is there no city of refuge?" said sorrowfully the beautiful woman who walked beside him, that bright day in June, down the country road, drinking in, Sybarite as she was, *the scent of the* half-dried June grass that the mowers were tossing about; hearing the vibrations from the strings of nature's enchanted harp; harmonies—falling unattended upon the dull ears of the man beside her, who was too much wrapped up in the morbid contemplation of the grief, the shame, the sorrow, and the loss that one night had brought to his peaceful homes among these hills.

"No city of refuge?" she said again, softly. "Oh, elder, you are too hard. His own father, too—and his mother is dead."

"Dead, yes—and her death was his first murder. He broke her heart. No—there is no city of refuge—and I am glad of it," sternly. "There was never a more cruel, more deliberate, more dastardly crime than this—his second."

"And the baby on it's mother's breast, pitiful baby. What have they done with it, elder?"

"It is in safe hands—but—it will follow its mother. It was never strong. Not a leaf left on this bare old trunk—"

"And what will you do about him? He is your son—your only son."

"I have no son. I disown him. He was ever a prodigal, running after strange idols. Lewd women—money—wine. No; I have no son. And you, Mrs. Seabury, when do you return to the city?"

"To-morrow. I have given up my pretty cottage. I sent my new coachman down this morning. My guests are all 'folding up their tents' and noiselessly stealing away. I would not induce them—this event so sudden—and he was with us, you know, last evening—"

"I shall miss you intensely, God knows."

"But not my 'compagnois de voyage' I am afraid, elder, our boisterous animal spirits were too much for our staid neighbors—"

The elder waved his hand deprecatingly. "I may perhaps have wished it otherwise, but—I never arrogate to myself the right to make sumptuary laws for my neighbors. I regret that this terrible occurrence should have spoiled your holiday in this happy valley. I had hoped to hold a nearer and dearer relation to you," his pale, worn face flushing.

"It could never be, elder. I thank you for the honor. But I shall never marry again, my heart is with—the sleeper."

"It is but one cross more to carry," humbly. "So beautiful—so perfect a creature is not for me. Forgive the madness that prompted it."

"Elder," *softly*—holding out her beautiful hand, over which he bent as fondly as a young lover—"I admire—I respect you above any man—but love—it is not mine to give. My heart is dead and dumb. No living voice can waken it."

The elder's face was drawn and white—with suffering of soul and body. One by one in his age his dreams had departed. He had plodded on in the midst of humble duty, until he met this "Siren of the Silver Voice," who beguiled his dried old heart and made it bloom again, and then she flung it carelessly in the dust at her feet.

Standing under the ancient elm beside his doorway, he watched her out of sight and wrung his hands. "My God, how can I bear so many and such heavy crosses?" And she, too, had paused in the road and looked back at the house and at what the roof tree of the old farm house hid; and at the panorama of her past life, spread like a scroll, written in letters of fire. She did not wring her jeweled white hands, but the angel of memory wrung her ears.

"An outcast and a murderer, they say. Oh, my love—for whom I would and have perilled my soul! Will he stay in hiding or—horrible possibility—will he, like Lazarus, come forth and brave his trial and face the world?"

"No clew," said the hounds of the law. Had the earth swallowed him up? "No clew," said the private detective whom madame had put on the track, after as many false statements she considered necessary in the case. She had gained very little strength of body from her sojourn in the pretty village in Vermont. She grew thin and pale and moody. Her nights were sleepless. Her days were joyless, although her thousand and one friends came and went like the seasons, and her lovers were still legion, and the night revels were even more noisy than before. For madame drank to drown care, and her majesty's courtiers mirrowed the queen life in their own. Play ran high, "fun waxed fast and furious."

"No clew," said madame, sorrowfully aloud. "He is far away in exile," she thought; "poor fellow, and I must go to him."

"But one, a mere trifle, perhaps, almost a thread of gossamer."

"And what, if I may be told?"

"A clew to the real murderer," said the detective.

"The real?" she almost gasped—"then you think—you imagine someone else?"

"I think your friend was innocent and that we shall prove it so."

"And what is this clew?" smiling. "Oh, if it can be proven."

"I cannot tell you now," courteously. "It may delude you with false hopes. But I am almost willing to wager the reward that I am right."

She pressed a bill into his hand. "Oh, spare no effort to bring the real culprit to justice."

"Indeed I will not, ma'am. Thank you." He bowed himself out.

She pressed her hand to her heart that beat almost to sufffocation with the rush of emotions. "Oh, my God, if he is innocent—then—then—they will find the guilty one. Have I not urged *them*—bribed them—"

She laughed hysterically and threw herself on her knees beside the bed, clutching wildly at the air. But I have sent him away. Every hour puts miles between us." Her maid, entering, saw her on her knees. Mary coughed to draw attention to herself.

"What is it, Mary?" rising and steadying herself with an effort.

"That pretty feller, the new butler ye sint off whin ye came home, and the ould one ye tuk back, ma'am, they're both in the kitchen havin' a tiff, an' the cook bade me tell ye, ma'am, they're that bloodthirsty they'll be atin' aich other up like cannibals."

"The new butler?" said madame, "I surely gave him no leave to return. Send them both to me"—but when Mary closed the door she wrung her hands in an ecstacy of fear. "Back again; then he is lost—imbecile, he is lost."

Mary ushered in the two malefactors. One bald-headed—hair and whiskers of fiery red to match, setting off his choleric face. Ponderous, pompous and breathing like a porpoise. The other tall, stately, trim built, a haughty, aristocratic face, out of all keeping with his position; with curling brown hair and full, flowing beard.

"What is this altercation?" demanded Mrs. Seabury, haughtily, scanning the twain. "McGuinness, explain yourself."

"Sure mum, this felly kim intil me room as sassy az ye plaze and bould as a lion, afther some o' his thraps, he said he left behint him. But, ma'am, there's nothin' there barrin' me own possessions. I tould him in a gintlemanly way, and forbid him the room. So what does he do, ma'am, but up and knock me flat as a flounder; he's a thafe and a thresspasses, an' I'll have him pulled for salt and battery, ma'am, wid your lave or widout it, ma'am, if I may be so bould."

"And you," she said, with just a little falter in her voice, turning to the haughty and silently scornful listener.

"He has told you the facts of the case."

She tried to snatch it from him. He thrust it back into his breast, and stood over her—cold, stern, relentless as fate.

"There is blood on it, *her blood.* What were you doing in that chamber of horrors after I fled? Tell me!"

She had risen to her feet, putting out her hands with a mute entreaty. He grasped them and fored her again to her knees.

"I want to see—"

"Yes, to see if I had performed my dastardly deed well; to see, oh, fiercer than the Thane's wife—to finish what I had left undone. To see if Othello had smothered his Desdemona, I had; but I never shed her blood. It was you, devil, for whom I have bartered my soul! You were watching. She must have stirred. You saw it, and stabbed her to the heart." He flung away her hands. "Oh, whereas I was once blind—I now see. You—Borgia, much as I once loved you—so now I hate!"

"Hush! you have it in your heart to say even now—that you wounded your hand."

"But in her dead fingers they found a pansy crushed. You wore them that night when I danced with you, that I swear. I saw none when she threw up her white hands—while I held her down—till they sank nerveless beside her. Those hands so gentle, my loving servants ever. Can I ever forget them? They will haunt me through all eternity, for there is an existence eternal for the damned, as for the blessed. You maddened me with your beauty and your wiles. You crept into our little home, like the serpent Lilith that you are. You roused the tiger of jealousy in me—you seduced my heart. I was only a boy—had you no nobler game? I am a man bowed down with remorse—with shame, with crime. I am your handiwork. Oh, may eternal justice give you your deserts! You shall no more live to sing your honeyed songs in the ears of men, making them forget honor, duty, *love, wife and children.*"

"And what will you do?"

"Give myself up. Court investigation."

"And with yourself—me?" with a chilly mocking laugh. "No, you did not slay her—you are safe—your body and your soul. Yes, I hated her. She won you from me—pretty, silly doll. I watched the deed. I saw here move. Could I lose you? I merely finished what you had begun. You are as guilty before God as I am. Only partners in crime, are we."

"I dissolve the partnership. I would rather run my chance with halter and prison cell than live a hunted criminal—seeing her—waking or sleeping; not a spirit of dread—but sweet and loving—with arms outstretched to me, calling—she the pure, the true. God will mete out to me my hell—remorse!"

"Let us go away," she said tenderly—touching his hand with her lips. He drew it away and pushed her from him with loathing in his glance.

"You loved me once."

"Perish the memory! Once—woe to me I did indeed—"

"And again, after that separation. And you said we were made for each other. Married and mated in heaven by God himself."

"Did I so blaspheme?" gloomily. Sorcerer have done—can you not understand? How can I love what disgusts me, fills me with loathing? I fear you as I would the cobra!" he tore off his false hair and whiskers. "I am done with disguise, with subterfuges and hiding. Adieu! Nay, that is too tender, too holy a word. Au revoir; we shall meet again, fear it not, in our place, the place of him who betrayed the Innocent Blood—the place of Judas."

She stood where he had left her, mute, paralyzed almost, with fear and ger, thinking—thinking of what she should do next. What way to turn—where to go. Should she, the criminal, fly—or should she remain to be hooted at by the vulgar crowd, to be pictured in the journals, to be dragged into a cell with the vile of earth, or—should she—oh, blessed relief, take one tiny drop of the elixir that would give her rest eternal—joy immortal hereafter? Yes, there must be one. She was not afraid to face it. Surely it would be no more dreadful to her, than for the millions whow ere hurried to it year after year. But she was so full of life, so young, so beautiful. This heartache would wear off—surely; this mad love would die for want of fuel. Life was sweet, and there wer other lovers, and scores sighed for her favors.

"No," flinging the tiny vial into the grate. She was rich. Money would buy a jury.

Marie came in hurriedly and on tiptoe, finger on lip, her face pale with fright. "Sure, ma'am, there's a man in the hall below and he says he has orders to let no one lave the house, and it's trouble for us, ma'am. There's two of thim in the backyard, ma'am, and two forninst the front door, and it's a murdherer they say just wint out and perhaps there's more 'uv thim in the house."

"Pshaw, Mary, if a murderer, as you say, went out, he surely will be trapped and cannot harm us."

"So Moike sez to me, that's him, ma'am, in the front hall, and he says no one is to lave the house till the chafe comes."

"Tell Mike—he's your sweetheart, is he not—that I wish to speak to him."

Mary hung over the banisters, "Moike, dear, Mrs. Seabury wants to sphake till ye."

"Sure, alanna, I can't lave me post, tell the leddy," in a gruff voice. "Sure I'd be docked or sacked. Ax her would she plaze be afther stepping to the banishters."

"Had cess to ye, Moike. She can't be after thrapsin for the like o' ye."

"Cudn't she sphake over the banishters?" walking to the foot of the stairs and winking his eye at Mary.

"Sure, Moike," angrily, "stop yer fulin'. The lady's clane frightened out o' her wits."

"Well, Molly, upon me soul, I'd like to oblige her. Wait a bit, I'll sphake to wan o' the boys outside."

In a moment he came heavily up the stairs and into Mrs. Seabury's pretty room. He blushed and bowed awkwardly, for the glamor of her smile confused and charmed him.

"Mary tells me," archly, "that I am imprisoned, Mr. Moran, in my own house. That I cannot take my morning ride, and why? This is all very strange and sudden," seriously, "can you explain to me?"

"Sure, ma'am, all I know, ma'am, is they arrested a man for murder and he kim out of this house, ma'am, av course unbeknownst to yerself, ma'am. Ye understhand, it's evidence they're afther, and it's only a little delay, ma'am; the chafe 'll make it all roight soon for ye." He scraped and coughed and went back to his post.

"Mary, do you love me?" said her mistress, softly.

"Sure, ma'am, yere the most beautiful and generoustest leddy iver I sarved."

"Well, Mary, I have business of life and death almost. I must see that man they have arrested. Here is a thousand dollars. I give it to you for your wedding portion. If you have any power over Mike get him to consent to my leaving the house."

Mary began her weeping again. "Oh, ma'am, Moike is that stubborn—if the chafe told him to cut off his head he'd be afther doing that same. Sure, he's jist loike an ould donkey, and there are the others, ma'am."

"It was very silly of me, Mary. Of course, I can wait, but go down and tell Mike to come up again, and do you guard the door. I wish to give him some information that perhaps will change things."

Mary went below to harangue Mike.

"I'm that mad and ashamed wid you, Moike Moran—I'll niver marry ye, that I won't."

"Niver, Mary, that's a long time, and why? Would ye be afther having me a thraitor?"

"No, ye idjot, but ye cud make a thousand dollars if ye'd let the leddy go out just for a roide."

"It's coddin' me ye are, Mary, and why should she pay a thousand dollars to go out? When the chafe comes he'll be afther letting her go. Ah, that sounds bad, Mollie, me gurl. Don't be afther repatin' it—if yere wise."

"Well, Moike, alanna, go up an' sphake to her again and I'll watch the dure. Ye may take the kay in yer pocet, an' don't be afther cuttin' off yer nose and spoilin' yer face."

Mike, with a darkened and suspicious brow, pondered the matter, locked the door and lumbered up the stairs.

Mrs. Seabury had in the meantime poured her jewels, many and beautiful in a heap on her stand, beside which lay a roll of bills.

"Well, ma'am," glancing from her face to the jewels and then back again to her.

"All these are yours," she said, "There is a thousand dollars in money and *gems worth ten times that.*"

"And for what, ma'am?" I've done ye no sarvice."

"But you will, Mr. Moran—listen, you are a man," clasping her hands beseechingly; "that man who left here is my husband. He is falsely accused. He did not murder. It was I—I—but—I cannot die—see I offer you all this—for—my life. I want to escape. To go far away. To repent and forget."

Moran's face was red with excitement and anger and disgust, and yet full of pity for the beautiful wretch who made this confession, for conviction was carried home to him that she was telling the truth.

"Ma'am, I'm an honest man, yere a leddy if ye are a criminal. I'd run ye out if I could without yer money. I've done it many a time in the ould counthry, but, ma'am, I couldn't. There's foive of us. There's no bribing 'em no *more than myself*, ma'am. Ye see how it is. I'm that sorry I could cut off me arrum fur ye. I'll not be afther sphakin' of this—not even in confession. Ye may thrust me fur that—God bless you."

"I see it is hopeless," she said, pale and quiet—with a desperate calmness, "and I appreciate your good will. Give this to Mary on her wedding day. She is a good girl, and will make you a faithful wife." She held out a glittering ring. He hesitated. "It is no bribe," she said. "I give it to Mary, my faithful maid."

Moran took it, with a half-frightened glance, and studied her face closely. "Don't do it, ma'am—that ye are planning."

"What?"

"Killin' yerself. There's no jury in the world would convict so beautiful a leddy as yerself."

"Thank you," wearily, "and now good day. I am only—Mr. Moran—going to take a rest—I am going to sleep."

He went out shaking his head. She locked and bolted the door after him.

Mary tapped for admission.

"Don't distrub me, Mary. I am writing letters."

The girl sobbed pitifully.

"One heart feels tenderly toward me. How long will she grieve when the truth is known?"

She sat down beside her desk, drew a sheet of paper toward her mechanically and wrote:

"This is my last will and testament. To Mary Blake, my maid, I bequeath one thousand dollars. To the Sisterhood of the Sacred Heart all my jewels for the decking of their altar. To Howard Ross this little slipper. To his father, Rev. John Ross, of Yaleville, Vt., all my real estate, all my money, my horses and carriages, my wardrobe, the proceeds of which are to be applied to the maintenance and education of his grandchild, Pansy Ross. I further bequeath to Howard Ross my undying assurance that, if from the Land of Souls the damned can return, I will return to him to haunt him with my presence and my caresses, until he meets me in that place.

"To the world I bequeath the fact that actuated for love of me and a jealousy of his wife, which was ill founded—he, on the night of June 10th, smothered her with a pillow. I watched and saw her stir. I thereupon slew her—for which I feel no regret.

"HORTENSE SEABURY.'

"Murderess and Suicide."

Here the officers found her an hour later. The pen still in one stiffened hand, the other holding a vial, crushed and exhaling a strange, sickening perfume. Upon the "last will and testament" rested a little white satin slipper spattered with a drop—(of blood, perchance) and inside—a cluster of faded and withered pansies. There was a mocking smile on the face. The eyes were wide open and fixed upon the picture of a man—who looked down benignly, sorrowfully upon it all—the face of De Vinci's Christ.—The Owl.

Breathing Through the Nose.

Nature provides the proper course for the passage of air to the lungs.—Dr. Hartman helps keep the way open.

DRAWING the breath through the nose is a vitally important thing. Catarrh stops up the nasal passages and makes nose breathing practically impossible. Continued breathing through the mouth is almost certain to affect the lungs. Dr. Hartman explains all about this in his book on chronic catarrh, mailed free, on application, by the Pe-ru-na Medicine Co., Columbus, O.

Permanent nose breathing cannot be established by any local treatment; the membranes must be made healthy. The remedy which heals the membranes and cures catarrh is Dr. Hartman's great prescription, Pe-ru-na, which has stood without a successful rival for forty years as a cure for all catarrhal trouble. All druggists sell it.

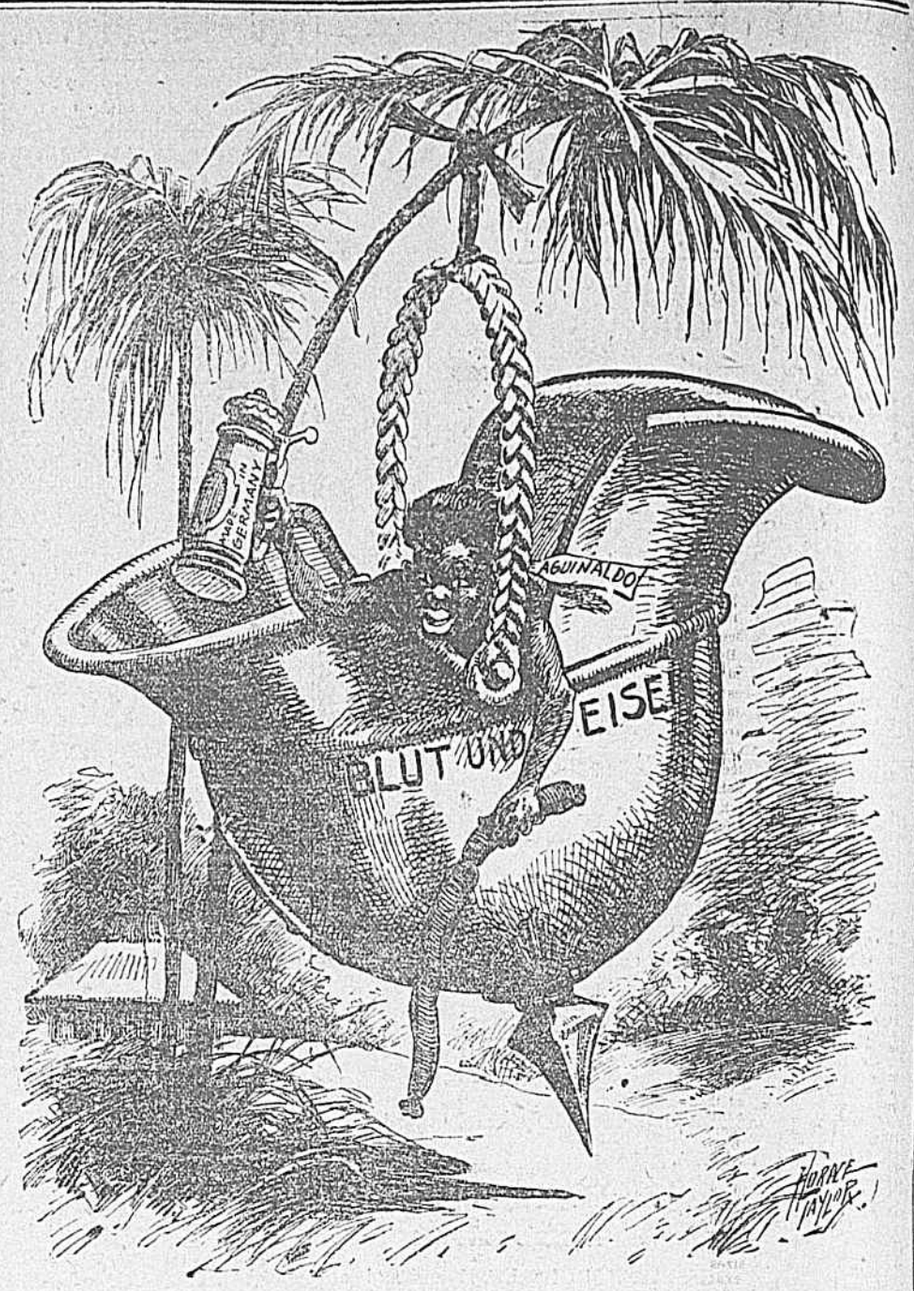
Catarrh is weakening. Every inflammation of the mucous membrane is catarrh. There may be catarrh in any organ of the body, for all the organs are lined with mucous membrane.

Mr. J. Reimers, Osage, Ia., writes the following strong letter to Dr. Hartman:

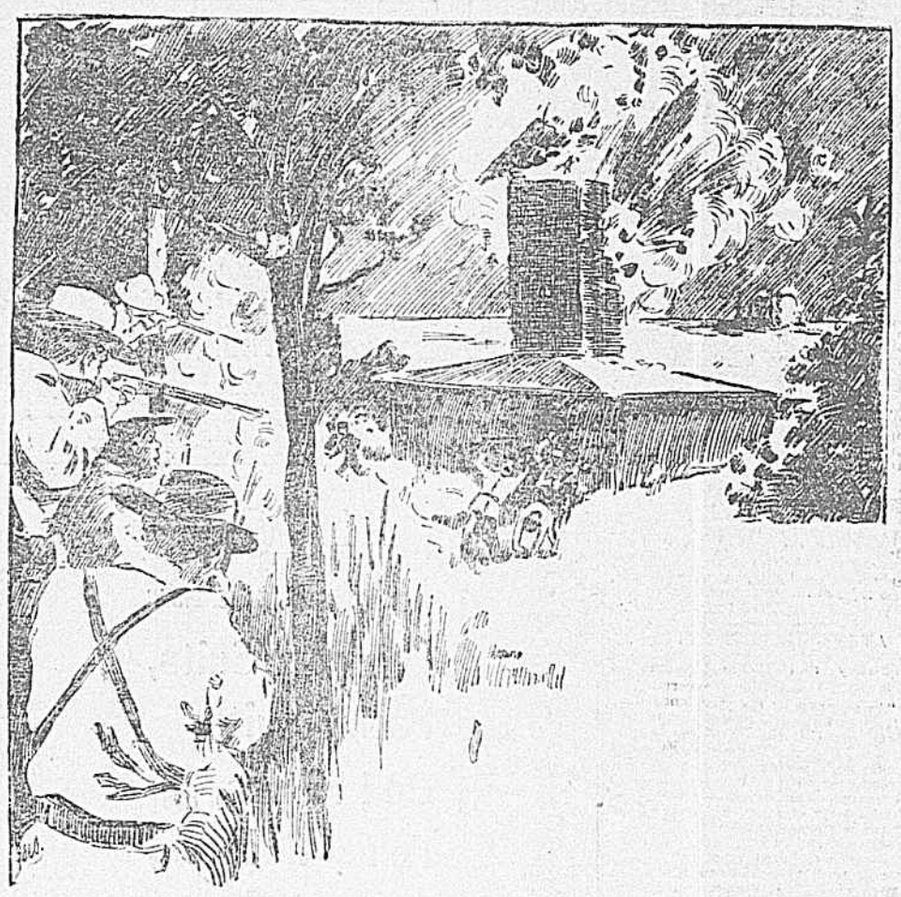
"For many years I suffered with catarrh of the head, nose and throat; the least change in the weather bringing on a bad cold, followed by pain and headache. Also for the last six or seven years I was troubled with general weakness. Nothing did me any good until I began to take Pe-ru-na. I took four bottles in all, and I am as well as I ever was in my life. I can recommend it also for coughs and colds. I keep Pe-ru-na in the house all the time, and regard it as a pleasure to recommend it to all. I am enjoying the best health of my life and have only Pe-ru-na to thank for it."

Pe-ru-na conquers every phase of catarrh and builds up the general health. Dr. Hartman gives personal attention to correspondence from all catarrhal sufferers.

Mr. C. R. Harden, Evansville, Wis., writes: "I was troubled with catarrh for fifteen years, of which the Pe-ru-na has entirely cured me. I am no more troubled with the choking which the catarrh produced and am able to sleep well. Pe-ru-na also cured my son of severe lung trouble, stopping the hemorrhages entirely. He is now well and hard at work."



A SNUG CRADLE FOR AGUINALDO.



TAKING A BLOCKHOUSE.

One of the most thrilling scenes in the battle of the Filipinos was the taking of a blockhouse by our men, on the outskirts of Manila. The house was well guarded, and our soldiers took it after a desperate skirmish. The loss to the Filipinos was great, and the blockhouse was almost entirely destroyed.

The International Sunday School Lesson.

February 12, 1899. John V: 17-27. Christ's Divine Authority.

The clash between Christ and the Pharisees was inevitable. They stood for a venerable ecclesiastical establishment, buttressed by tradition and authority. It sheltered them and by its craft they had their living. Not that all had sordid motives, but the situation was one to stunt the mind and spirit. They were naturally alert against innovations, suspicious and bigoted. They could not understand, they were afraid of the young reforming rabbi of Nazareth. And in their judgment it would be far better that he should be put to death than that the whole fabric of ecclesiasticism should be brought down about their ears.

The incident of carrying a bed on the Sabbath provoked the impending clash. The dialectic skill of the Pharisees had been especially busy in framing the casuistry of the Sabbath. It had reached such a refinement as this: to wear a ribbon (not sewed upon the dress) would be to carry a burden and was therefore unlawful. A man actually toting his mat through the street on the Sabbath was the bravest innovation ever witnessed. That it was done at Jesus' command was equivalent to his *having raised a flag of revolt against* ecclesiasticism. It was impossible to ignore it.

In the deadly assault which followed, Jesus bore himself with superb dignity and calmness. He did not enter into a defense as upon former occasions. He did not justify His action on the ground of humanity, not from inferences which might be drawn from the exceptional provisions allowed by the Levitical law. Instead of this He lifted the curtain upon His true character and mission. He lifted the curtain fully, once and forever. He stood out before these hostile and carping ecclesiastics as the son of God. The source, extent and nature of His authority were cast in high and clear-cut relief.

It is as if He had said: In the seventh day, the long period stretching from the creation to the present, my Father has not ceased working; His upholding of nature is a continuous creation. But I and my Father are One. His exemption from the law of the Sabbath is mine, too. That he was not misunderstood is evident from the fact that His enemies attempted to put Him to death for blasphemy.

Jesus in a sense takes Himself out of the category of men He says: "My Father worketh and I work." But He confesses to the limitation of His human life when He says: "The Son can do nothing of Himself." Yet these limitations are in turn offset by the intimate relations between the Father and the Son. "The Father loveth and *showeth the Son.*"

Jesus now outlines the most important of His functions as the Son of God. It is as if He had said: You marvel at the healing of an impotent man. But greater marvels will soon greet your eyes. You shall witness the great spiritual quickening of the day of Pentecost. And in the last day shall be the physical quickening, the resurrection of the dead. Then shall be the general judgment. Each of these it is the function of the Son of God to perform. He quickens the soul dead in sin. The dead (physically) shall hear the voice of the Son of God. He has authority also to execute the judgments of the great assize.

The tables are turned. Instead of Jesus being the defendant, the Pharisees must shrive themselves of guilt. In dishonoring the Son they have dishonored the Father.

The Teacher's Lantern.

(1.) This is declared to be the most remarkable passage of the New Testament from a *Christological point of* view. * * * It contains the Christology of Jesus Christ in His own words. * * * A discourse the theme of which is the character, mission, authority, credentials of the Son of God.

(2.) Jesus demanded of the Pharisees; He demands of all men, a right attitude toward Himself. Such an attitude toward Him is the essence of religion. To hear and love the Son is to honor the Father, also.

(3.) There is a working which is not inconsistent with rest. God rested from creative work that He might be active in beneficence and love. * * * * There is no warrant for secular work in the example of Jesus. * * * * * The Sabbath is not a day of sanctified sloth.

(4.) "Heareth my word"; the child may hear the parent perfectly, but if the heart does not throb with love, and the will resolve to do the thing requested, the child has not heard at all in the best sense of the word. How solicitous Jesus was that people should have care to hear.

(5.) How opposite are the effects of Jesus' disclosure of His Sonship. He revealed it to the Woman of Samaria, and she said persuasively to her townspeople: "Is not this the Christ?" He declared it to the Pharisees, and they persecuted and sought the more to kill Him.

Contrary to an Injunction.

Judge: Rufus (who has visited a neighbor's hen roost with his father the night before) I 'specks pa's los' his 'Lion, mammy, fo' sure.

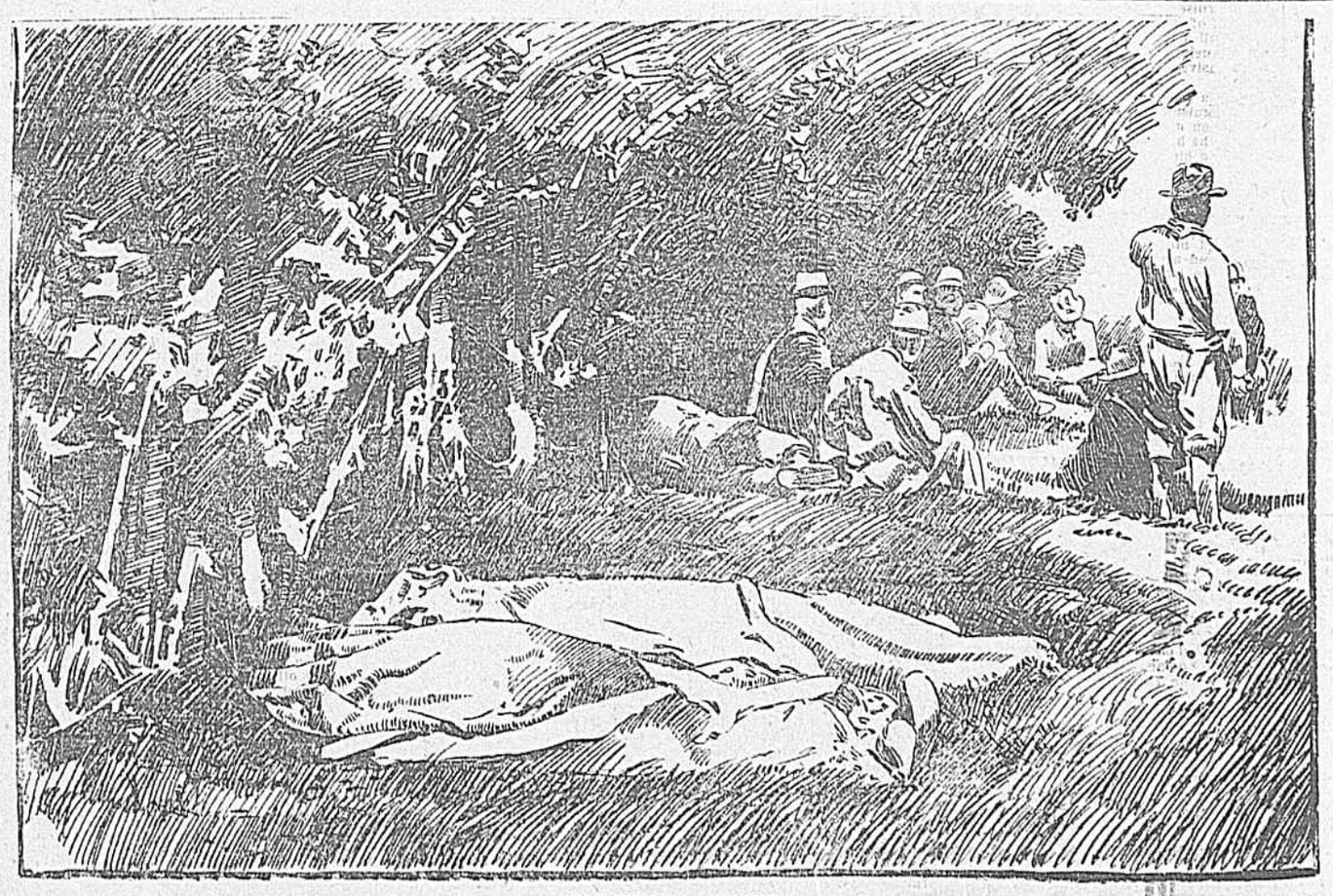
Mrs. Snowdrop (quickly)—What fo' you say dat, chile?

Rufus—Kase las' night, when he seed dat chick'n, he jes' hide his lantern under a bush'l; dat's what he done.

His Mean Way.

Chicago Tribune: "Henry asked you if you had made that cake, did he? Well what was there in that to wound your feelings, child?"

"It was the—the way he said it, mamma. He—he didn't ask me if I'd made it. He—he said, 'Darling, d-did you perpetrate this cake?'"



WAITING FOR THE BURIAL.

After the battle in Manila, Sunday, February 5, our men laid out upon the field, and rested for a while, not knowing how soon the attack would begin again. Two heroes who had distinguished themselves when the shells were falling were laid upon the ground and an American flag was laid over them. After the battle they were buried with military honors in the soldiers' cemetery at Manila.